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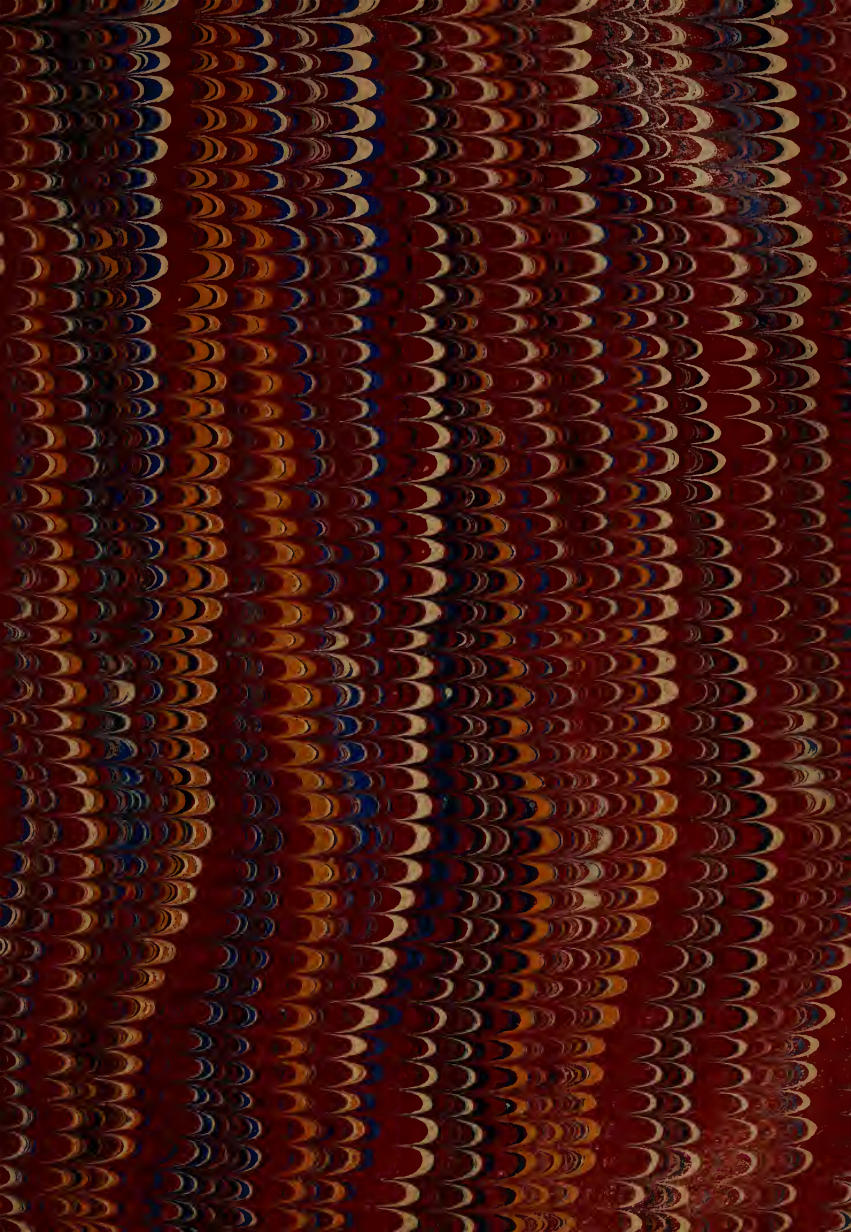
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Chap.

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"Let not your heart be troubled."

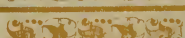
By

Miss M. L.



*✓
Fidelity
Concord, Mass.*

*COPIED
1875
JUN 28 1875*

"If our Love were but more simple, 
We should take Him at His Word, 
And our Lives would be all Sunshine, 
In the Sweetness of our Lord." 

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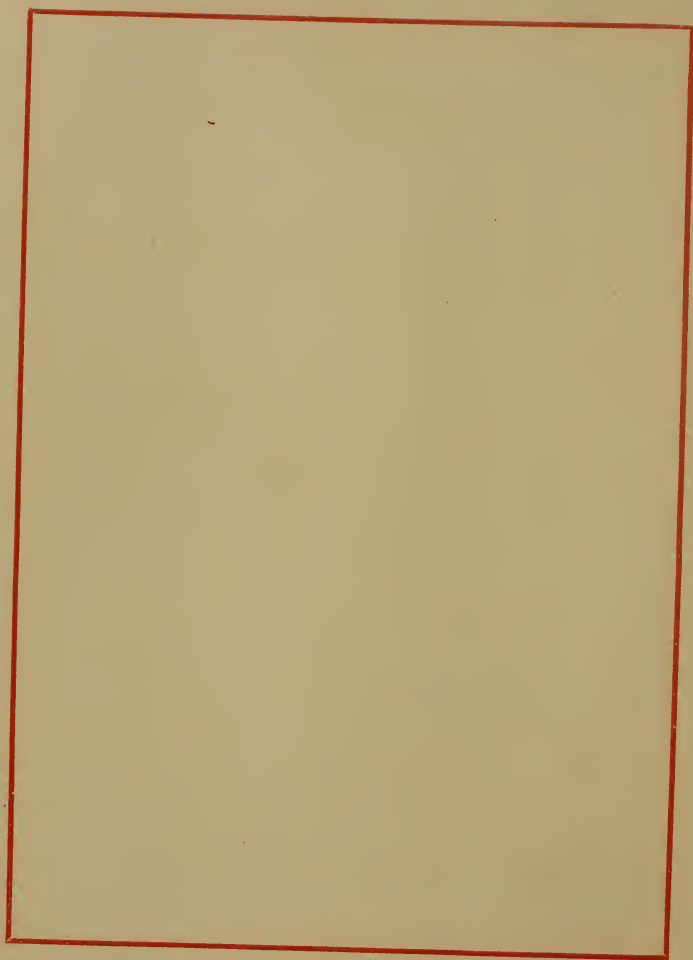
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Copyright,

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1875.

“For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All mother-like and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it,
Humbling itself to seek.”





“LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.”

“**S**OULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?—
Foolish hearts! Why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?—

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?—

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems!
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

“AS THOU WILT.”

“**I**T is so sweet to live
My little life to-day,
That I would never leave it, if
I might forever stay!—
I sometimes say.

I am so weary, Lord,
I would lie down for aye,
Could I but hear Thee speak the word:
“Thy sins are washed away!”—
I sometimes say.

"AS THOU WILT."

The better mood that lies

These moods between midway,
Comes softly, and I lift my eyes:

"Lord, as Thou wilt!" I pray;
And would alway."

EXTRACT FROM "ST. MATTHEW'S DAY."

THERE are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

O JESU, THOU ART STANDING.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

 H Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore."

NEUMARCK'S HYMN. 1635.

“**L** ♦ EAVE God to order all thy ways,
And trust in Him whate’er betide ;
Thou’lt find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God’s unchanging love
Builds on a rock that naught can move.

Only your restless heart keep still
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate’er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, have sent.
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

NEUMARCK'S HYMN.

He knows when joyful hours are best ;
He sends them when He sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully.
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed."

THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

“ H let me speak to Thee, dear God!
Of those old mercies past,
O'er which new mercies day by day
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

At school Thou wert a kindly face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

And to home Sundays long since passed
How strangely memory clings ;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I lived two lives which seemed distinct
Yet which did intertwine ;
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

Thou broadenest out with every year
Each breadth of life to meet ;
I scarce can think Thou art the same
Thou art so much more sweet.

Father! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love !

THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
O make Thyself more space!"

THE MAN OF MACEDONIA.

Acts xvi. 6-10.



FOR a vision and a voice to lead me,
To show me plainly where my work
should lie!

Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me;
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self-will,
Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving-kindness,
Who by those "hindrances" is leading still.

He who of old through Phrygia and Galatia,
Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,
If He forbid to "preach the Word in Asia,"
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

THE MAN OF MACEDONIA.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleeping?

Has He no plan, no purposes, of Love?

What though awhile His counsel He is keeping?

It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the Lord! In His right hand be hidden,

And go not forth in haste to strive alone:

Shun, like a sin, the tempting work 'forbidden:'

God's love for souls be sure, exceeds thine own.

The Master cares! Why feel, or seem, so lonely?

Nothing can interrupt real work for God:

Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only

We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord.

None are good works, for thee, but works

appointed:

Ask to be filled with knowledge of His will,

Cost what it may! Why live a life disjointed?

One work throughout! God's pleasure to fulfill!

THE MAN OF MACEDONIA.

But if indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford this waiting-time to lose?

By each successive task, God educates thee:

What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Can walls be builded with untempered mortar?

Or fish be caught in the unmended snare?

Must not the metal pass through fire and water,

If for the battle-field it would prepare?

O thou unpolished shaft! why leave the quiver?

O thou blunt axe what forest canst thou hew?

Unsharpened sword! Canst thou the oppressed
deliver?

Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew!

Submit thyself to God for preparation:

Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!

Call it not "zeal!" It is a base temptation:

Satan is pleased, when man dictates to God.

THE MAN OF MACEDONIA.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance
trample

On each self-flattering fancy that appears!
Did not the Lord Himself, for our example,
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the Tempter's wiles thou be ensnared!
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared!"

THE STARRY SKIES.

“**T**HE starry skies, they rest my soul,
Its chains of care unbind,
And with the dew of cooling thoughts
Refresh my sultry mind.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,
I rest, and sing, and rest,
Among those bright dissevered worlds
As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays
Swing with me where I light,
While brighter branches lure me o’er
New gulfs of purple night.

THE STARRY SKIES.

Yes, something draws me upward there,
As morning draws the lark ;
Only my spell, whate'er it is,
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there,—
To which my soul was turning,
A home not seen, but nightly proved
By a mysterious yearning.

So as if waiting for a voice,
Nightly I gaze and sigh,
While the stars look at me silently
Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred! God is my home,
And God Himself is here ;
Why have I looked so far for Him
Who is nowhere but near?

THE STARRY SKIES.

Our souls go too much out of self
Into ways dark and dim ;
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,
Than we who seek for Him."

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

“ H, it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them ;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them ;
Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features ;
God with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Yes, they are more our own
Since now they are God's only ;
And each one that has gone
Has left our hearts less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead,
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead ! they have become
Like guardian angels to us ;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us ;
Love that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places ;
The dead are sacred things,
That multiply our graces.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven ;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead ! to Heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him ! be doubts forgiven !
Who took you there to save you !
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly."

FRESH SPRINGS.

All my Fresh Springs shall be in Thee.—Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

(Prayer Book Version.)

“**W**HY is the world so thirsty,
So restless, ill at ease,
So careworn with its pleasures,
So difficult to please?

Because the truth it cannot see,
That all “Fresh Springs” must be in Thee!

Why is Thy Church so weary?
Why does Thy cherished Bride
Appear so sad and lonely,
So far from “satisfied”?

What once she knew, she fails to see,
That all her “Fresh Springs” are in Thee!

FRESH SPRINGS.

Why needs she so much urging
To work, and love, and feel?
Why craves she fresh excitement,
To stimulate her zeal?

She cannot, or she will not, see
That all "Fresh Springs" must be in Thee!

Too true it is! On every side
We look in vain for Christ's true Bride!
We hardly recognize her, now,
So faint the glory on her brow!
She lives an outside life,—not void
Of talents usefully employed,—
The tilted vessel overflows,
But day by day more empty grows;
Too seldom is it filled, with care,
By meditation and by prayer,
For Christ's own Bride—how strange to own!
Is seldom with her Lord, alone!

FRESH SPRINGS.

Is it not strange? With what surprise
Must it be seen by Angel eyes!
But that my own deceitful heart
In all these scenes has borne a part,
The sad reality would seem
The groundless terror of a dream!

I should have thought that she would prize
The mute appeal of those kind eyes,
The incommunicable things
Which Jesus Christ's own presence brings,
The sight of the Incarnate Son,
Unseen, yet fondly gazed upon,
The speaking silence in Him found,
The wordless voice, "'Tis holy ground:"

Yes, verily, I should have thought,
Unless by sad experience taught,
That such exceeding tenderness,

FRESH SPRINGS.

Such all-surpassing loveliness,
Once seen and tasted, had sufficed
To make her lose herself in Christ!

I should have thought that one so blest
Would never care to leave her nest,
Unless, on wings of love, to fly,
Led by the glances of His eye,
And, keeping Him in sight, fulfill
Some fresh expression of His will.
Then, home returning at His call,
Come straight to Him, and tell Him all,
Confess her failures, on His breast,
Give Him the glory of the rest,

And then, with loving heart and true,
Ask what He next would have her do;
The passion of her heart fulfilled,
If all be done as He hath willed:—

FRESH SPRINGS.

His thoughts, the standard of her own,
His will, life's sweetest undertone,
No work of love too great, or small,
To undertake at His dear call!

I should have thought the favored Bride
Would cling for ever to His side,
And need no pressure of alarm,
To make her lean upon His arm;
No sudden or extreme distress,
To prove His glorious Faithfulness;
Nor failure of all earthly things,
To drive her to the heavenly Springs.

I should have thought she would not care
For any joy He did not share,
Nor any earthly object prize,
If Jesus did not sympathize;
Nor let herself be "greatly moved"

FRESH SPRINGS.

By human blame, if He approved ;
Nor have a single plan apart
From Him, the Sovereign of her heart ;
But hang upon His every word,
And treasure up each accent heard,
Each tone of love, each—less than tone,
Each look of love that said : “ Mine own ! ”
And never, never turn away
From so much love, and coldly say :
“ I have not time for Thee, to-day ! ”

O Jesus ! Wondrous, loving Lord !
Untired still ! Be Thou adored !
Thy patience with Thy fickle Bride
May well attract her to Thy side !
O that she may Thy whisper hear,
“ Return ! Return ! For I am near ! ”
And ever henceforth taste and see
That all her Fresh Springs are in Thee ! ”

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

“**T**HE thought of God, the thought of
Thee,

Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art,—

The thought of Thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree
Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleet of snowy clouds
Sail o'er the silent sky.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

'Tis like that soft, invading light
Which in all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's sombre web
In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
It is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

The wild flower on the grassy ground
Scarce bends it's pliant form,
When overhead the autumnal wood
Is thundering like a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls,
Down in the thought of God,
Scarce conscious in their sober peace
Of the wild storms abroad.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow,
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow."

THE COMMON OFFERING.

IT is nor the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
(By the love that cannot be told).

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service drawn near,
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear:
Look, Master; the love is here!"

FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY."

"**A**LONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have
seen before,—

Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint,
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
To begin alone to live forevermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease;—
Oh, that we might die in pairs or companies!

FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY."

Alone? the God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
 Than of those who may appear
 Nearest and dearest here ;
Oh, is He not the life-long Friend we know
More privately than any friend below?—

Alone? the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
 In trials and in woes
 Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife—
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? the God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
 And whom we loved all through
 And with a love more true

FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY."

Than other loves—yet now shall love Him
more :—

True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore ;
'Twill be as though we had been there before ;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal love!"

I AM A LITTLE CHILD.

I am but a little child.—1 Kings iii. 7.

“**S**URELY the Lord Himself is in this place!

He has not said in vain, “Seek ye My face!”
Thy face, Lord, will I seek: 'tis very sweet
To be allowed to sit at Jesus' feet!

But stay, there is a still more blessed state,
Communion still more close and intimate:
Lord, I'm “a little child!” Then suffer me
To come, as such, and nestle close to Thee.

I am too weak to climb into Thine arms,
So take me up Thyself! Let all alarms
Be hushed to sleep upon Thy tender breast:
Forbid me not! I come to Thee for rest.

I AM A LITTLE CHILD.

I am a little child! I never know
What is the best or safest way to go:
I always make mistakes! By day or night,
It is not safe to trust me out of sight.

I am a little child! So little strength
Have I, that I begin to see at length,
How true is that first lesson taught by Thee,
“Ye can do nothing”—nothing!—“without
Me.”

I am a little child! 'Tis better so:
For we are strong, when weak; and high, when
low;
Richest, when poor; and wise, when we discern
How much, how very much, we have to learn.

Where can we learn it, but at Jesus' feet?
Angels must wonder at our self-conceit,

I AM A LITTLE CHILD.

If we are not content, and thankful, too,
To live and learn—as little children do.

No time is wasted, and no labor lost,
That teaches our proud hearts, at any cost,
From self escaping, to escape to Thee,
And learn the wisdom of simplicity."

NOT ALONE.

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS.

Then came JESUS, the door being shut.—St. John xxi. 26.

“**M**Y never absent Saviour!
’Tis pleasant here to lie,
And drink in loving glances
From Thine indulgent eye!
To hear Thee whisper,
“Thou art Mine,”
And gladly answer,
“I am Thine!”

My ever-watchful Guardian!
I feel that Thou art near;
Thine arm too closely round me,
To leave me room for fear.

NOT ALONE.

I hear Thee whisper,
 "Thou art Mine,"
And gladly answer,
 "I am Thine!"

My own untiring Teacher!
 It is so sweet to be
By Thine own self instructed,
 When left alone with Thee!
 To hear Thee whisper,
 "Thou art Mine,"
And gladly answer,
 "I am Thine!"

THE CROSS.

“**E**VERY bird that upward springs
Bears the cross upon his wings ;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies.

Every ship that meets the waves
By the Cross their fury braves ;
We, on life's wide ocean tost,
If we have it not, are lost.

Hope, it gives us, when distressed,
When we faint, it gives us rest ;
Satan's craft and Satan's might
By the Cross are put to flight.”

ST. THERESA'S MAXIMS.

LET nothing trouble thee.
Let nothing terrify thee.
All passes away.
God never changes.
Patience obtains everything.
Who possesses God lacks nothing.
God alone suffices."

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

“ WISE little birds, how do you know
The way to go,
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they ;

“We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

“He calleth and calleth year by year
Now there, now here ;
Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds ! He calleth me
Who calleth ye ;
Would that I might as trusting be !”

MUSIC.

“**T**HAT music breathes all through my
spirit,

As the breezes blow through a tree ;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,
New passions that have not a name ;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings
Which make my life broaden and swell ;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
And I see the invisible.

MUSIC.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered;
 Within me the Past is awake;
The Present is grandly transfigured;
 The Future is clear as day-break.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling
 In their silent and eddying rings;
We tremble,—they touch us so lightly,
 Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,
 That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
 Under water, or under ground.

My mind is bewildered with echoes,—
 Not all from the sweet sounds without;
But spirits are answering spirits
 In a beautiful muffled shout.

MUSIC.

O cease then, wild horns! I am fainting;
If ye wail so, my heart will break;
Some one speaks to me in your speaking
In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,
How native, how household, they are!
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,
The dead and the angels, speak there.

Dear voices, that long have been silenced,
Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the Presence in which they stand.

Or is music the inarticulate
Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the undiscovered
Bringing great truths to the birth?

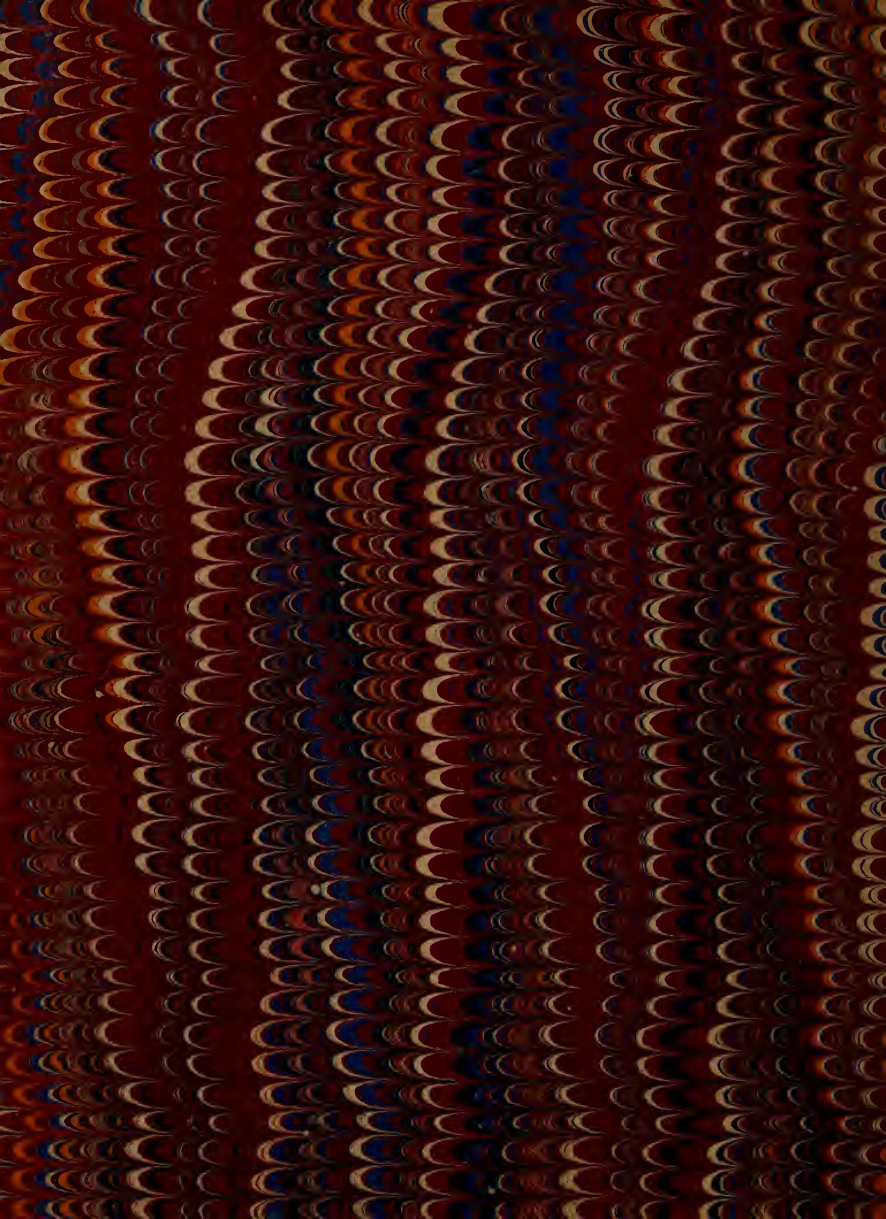
MUSIC.

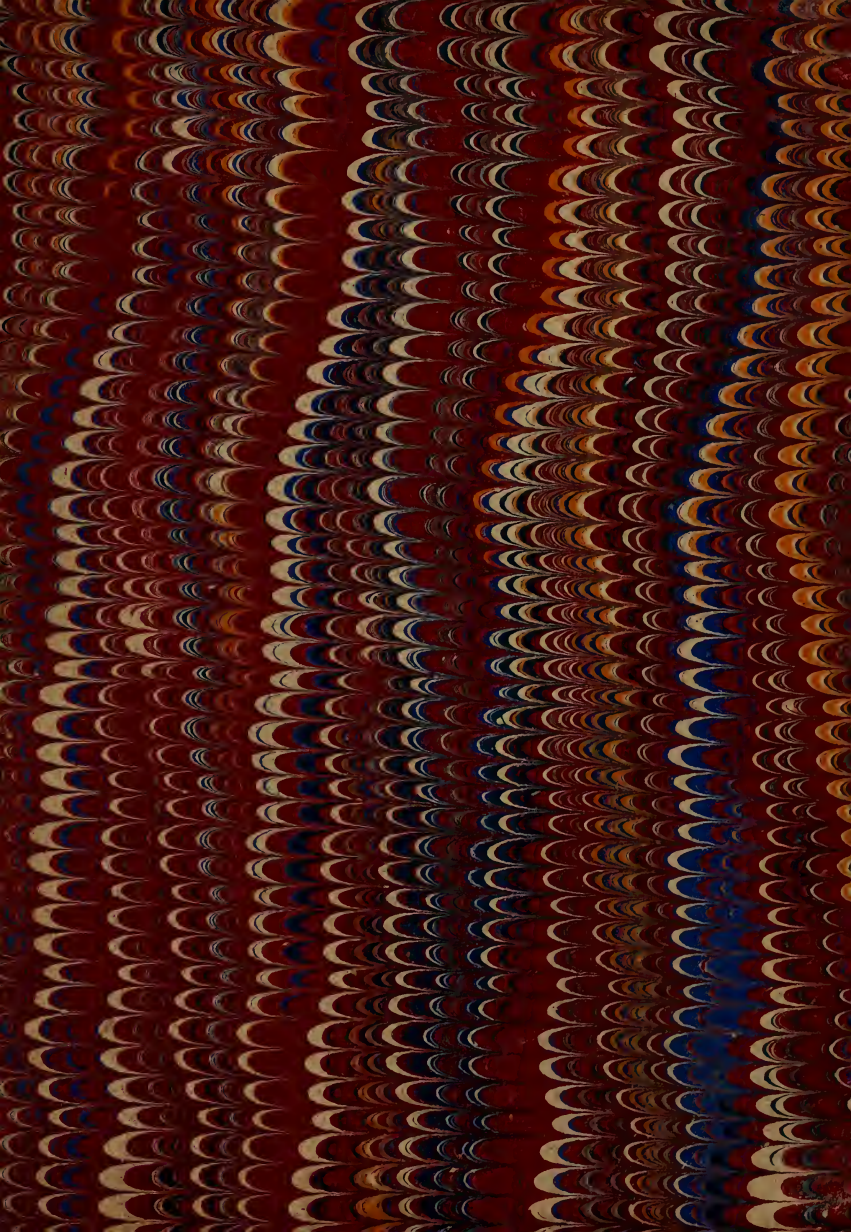
Thou, Lord, art the Father of music ;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee ;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
Though it singeth them *silently.*"



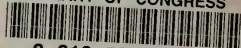








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